

VERTIGO
OBI

ISSUE
60

WARREN **ELLIS**

DARICK **ROBERTSON**

RODNEY **RAMOS**

november 2002

2.50

can 4.25

THE LAST ISSUE!

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

*** LATE EDITION ***

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

Having the kind of... at the notion of a new venue...



vertigo.com

DIRECT SALES



06011



7 61941 21042 1

WE
REMEMBER
9-11
SEPT 11 2001



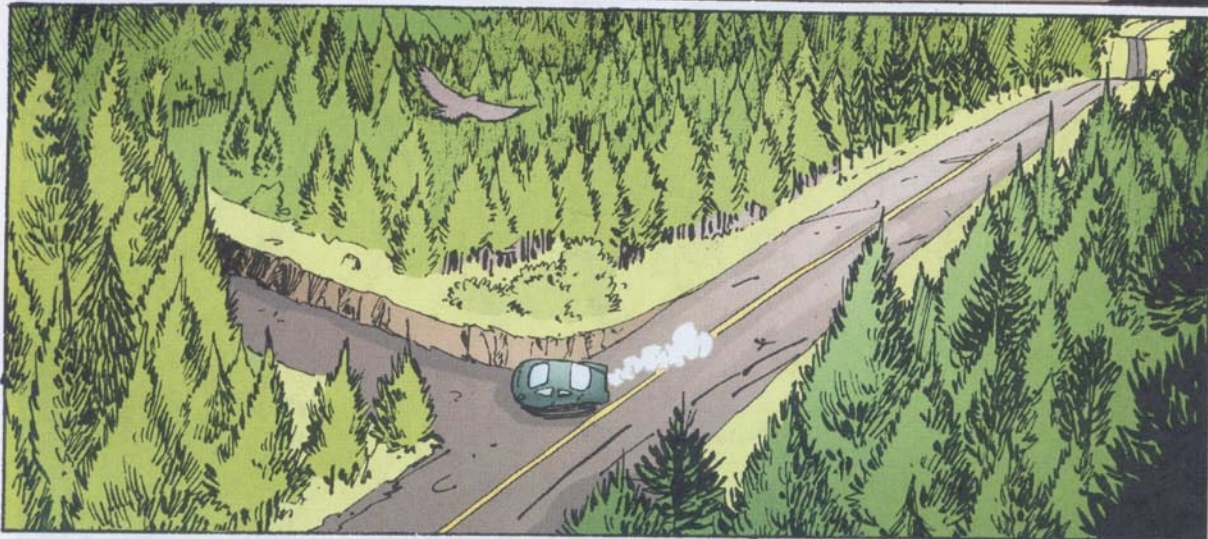
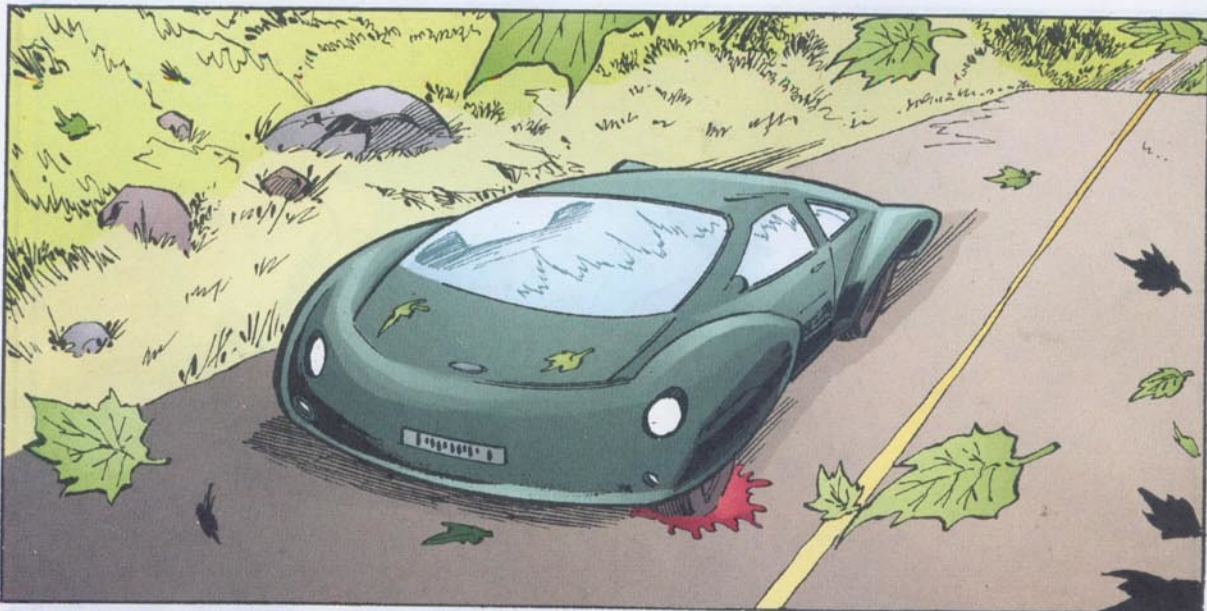


TRANSMETROPOLITAN 60. November, 2002. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Copyright © 2002 Warren Ellis and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. All characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Warren Ellis and Darick Robertson. VERTIGO is a trademark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork. Printed in Canada.

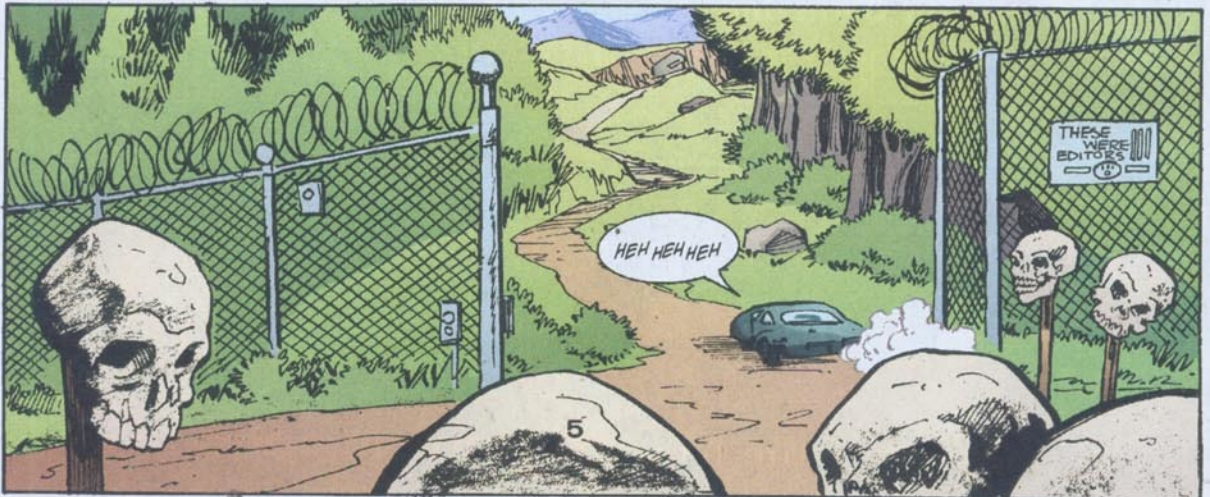
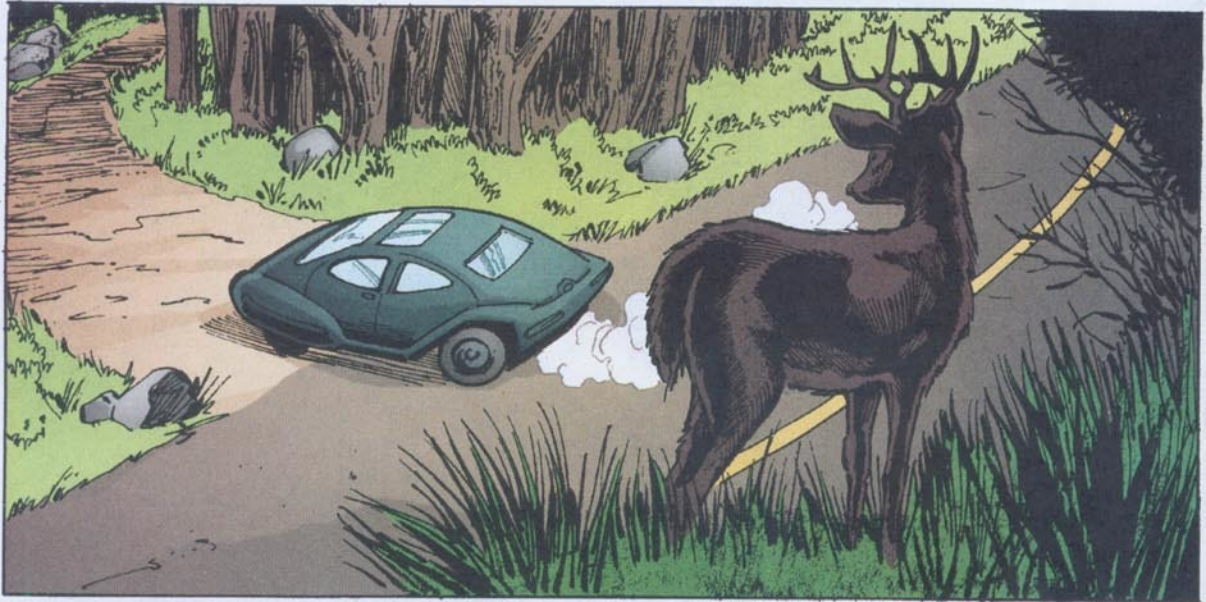
DC Comics. A Division of Warner Bros. - An AOL Time Warner Company



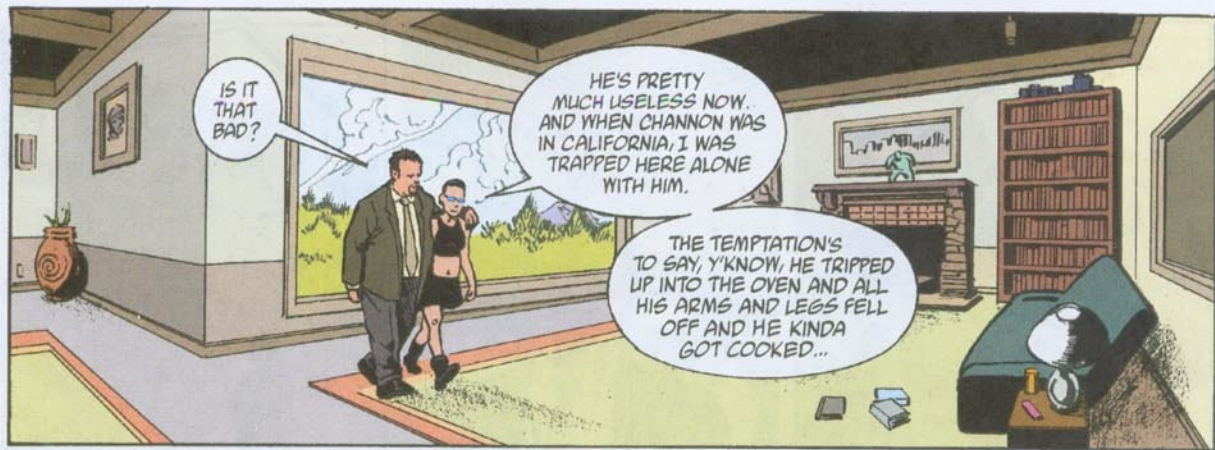
one more time



• JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief • PAUL LEVITZ, Executive Vice President & Publisher • KAREN BERGER, VP-Executive Editor •
• ZACHARY RAU, Editor • GEORG BREWER, VP-Design & Retail Product Development •
• RICHARD BRUNING, VP-Creative Director • PATRICK CALDON, Senior VP-Finance & Operations • TERRI CUNNINGHAM, VP-Managing Editor •
• DAN DIDIO, VP-Editorial • JOEL EHRLICH, Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions • ALISON GILL, VP-Manufacturing •
• LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel • JIM LEE, Editorial Director-WildStorm • DAVID MCKILLIPS, VP-Advertising •
• JOHN NEE, VP-Business Development • CHERYL RUBIN, VP-Licensing & Merchandising • BOB WAYNE, VP-Sales & Marketing •







IS IT THAT BAD?

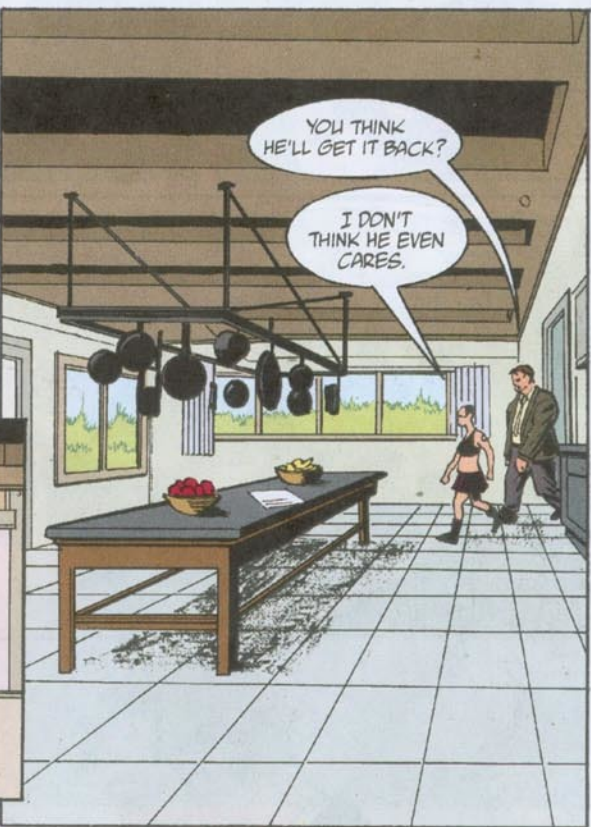
HE'S PRETTY MUCH USELESS NOW. AND WHEN CHANNON WAS IN CALIFORNIA, I WAS TRAPPED HERE ALONE WITH HIM.

THE TEMPTATION'S TO SAY, Y'KNOW, HE TRIPPED UP INTO THE OVEN AND ALL HIS ARMS AND LEGS FELL OFF AND HE KINDA GOT COOKED...



HE'S THAT BAD NOW?

NOT BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT LAST STUNT AT DANTE STREET.



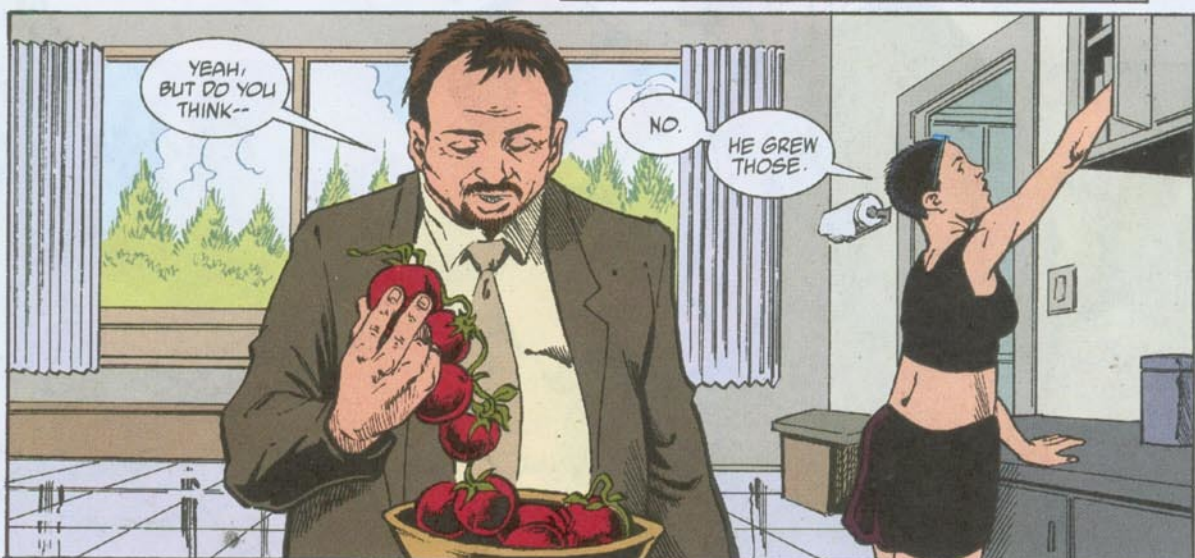
YOU THINK HE'LL GET IT BACK?

I DON'T THINK HE EVEN CARES.



IT WAS THE LAST THING HE HAD TO DO, YOU KNOW?

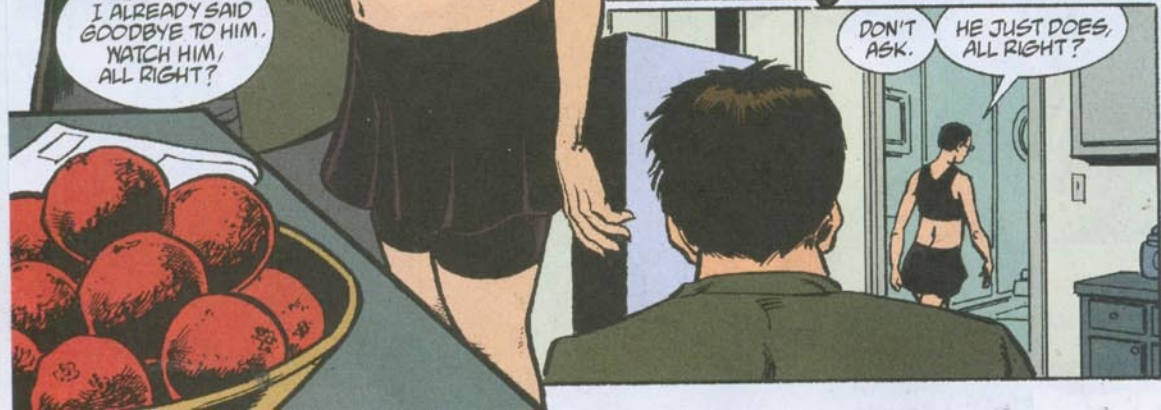
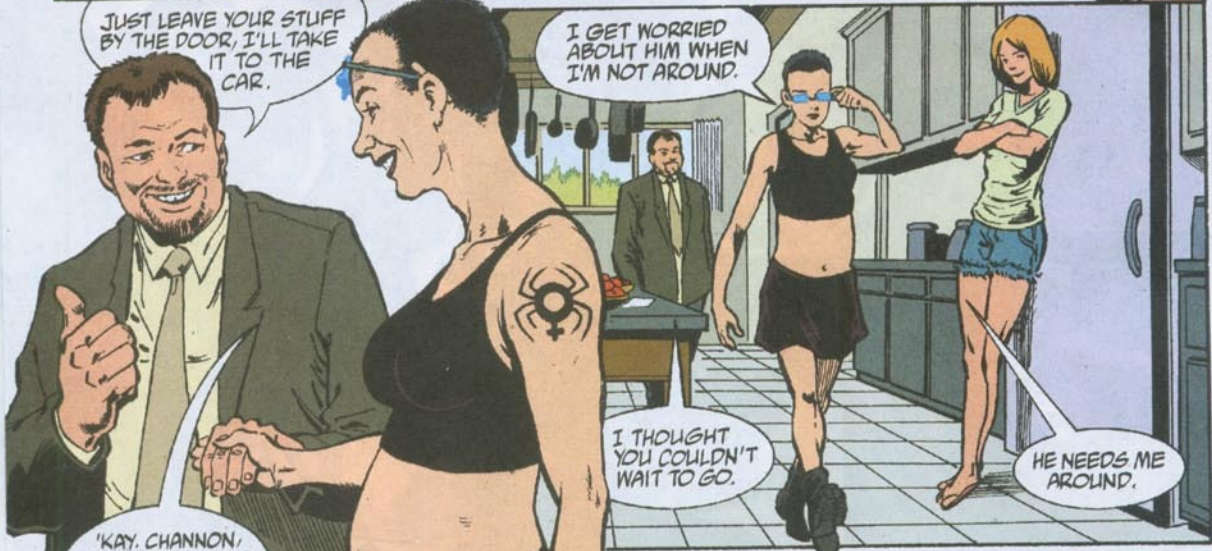
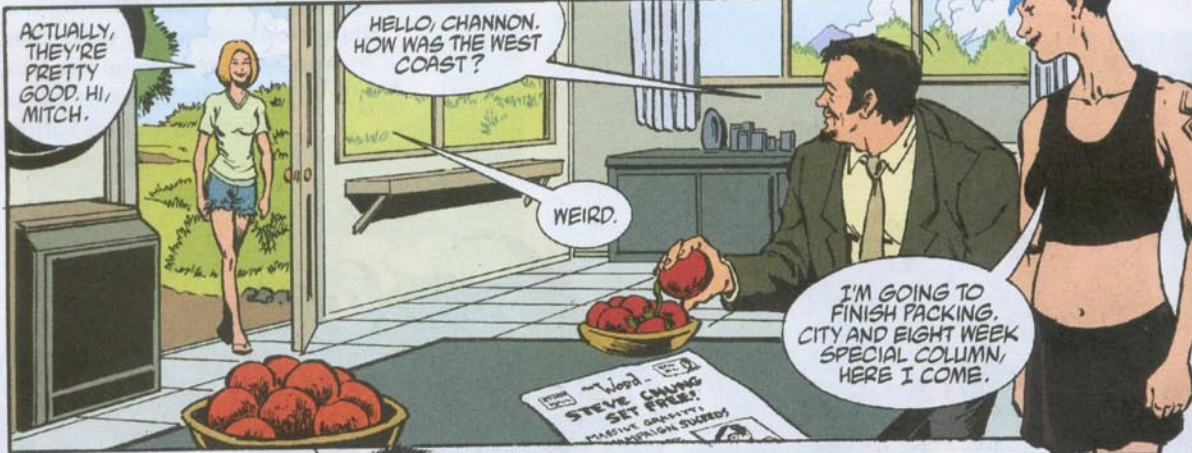
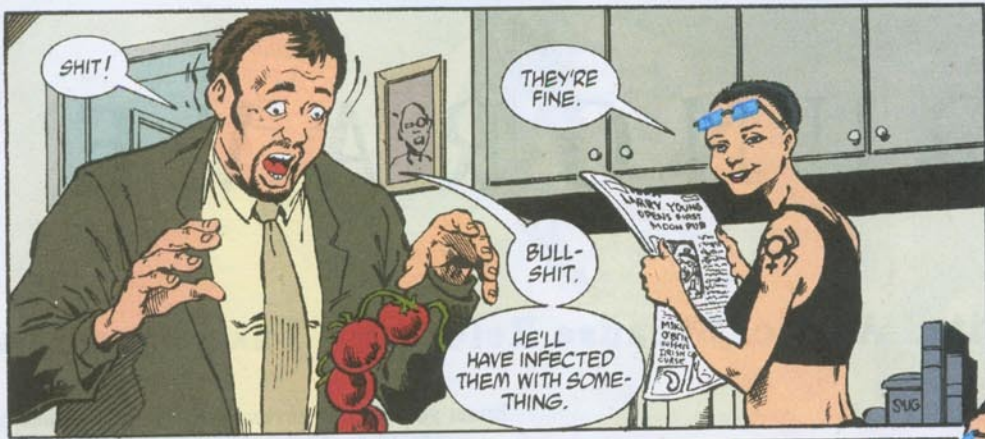
HE SUMMONED WHATEVER HE HAD LEFT, DID IT, AND NOW HE'S ALL USED UP.

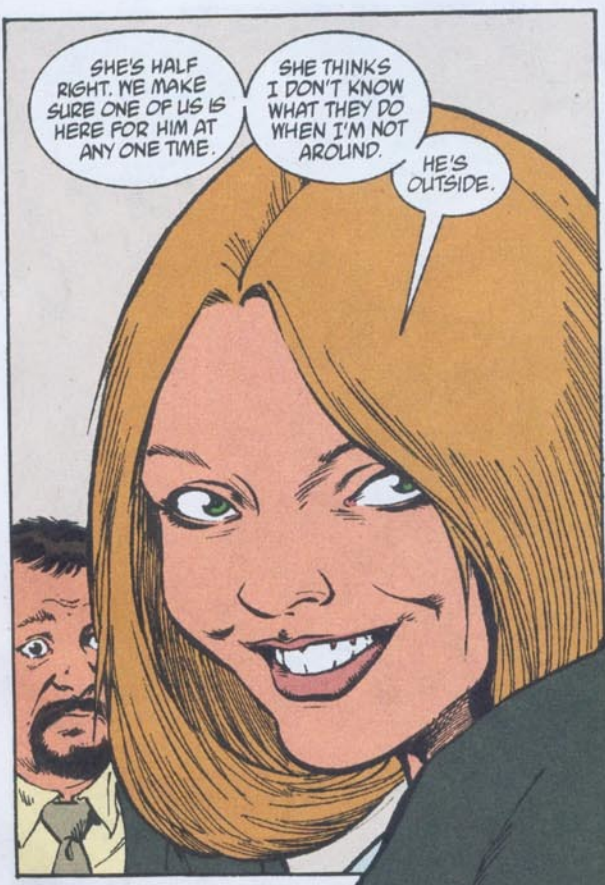


YEAH, BUT DO YOU THINK--

NO.

HE GREW THOSE.





SHE'S HALF RIGHT. WE MAKE SURE ONE OF US IS HERE FOR HIM AT ANY ONE TIME.

SHE THINKS I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DO WHEN I'M NOT AROUND.

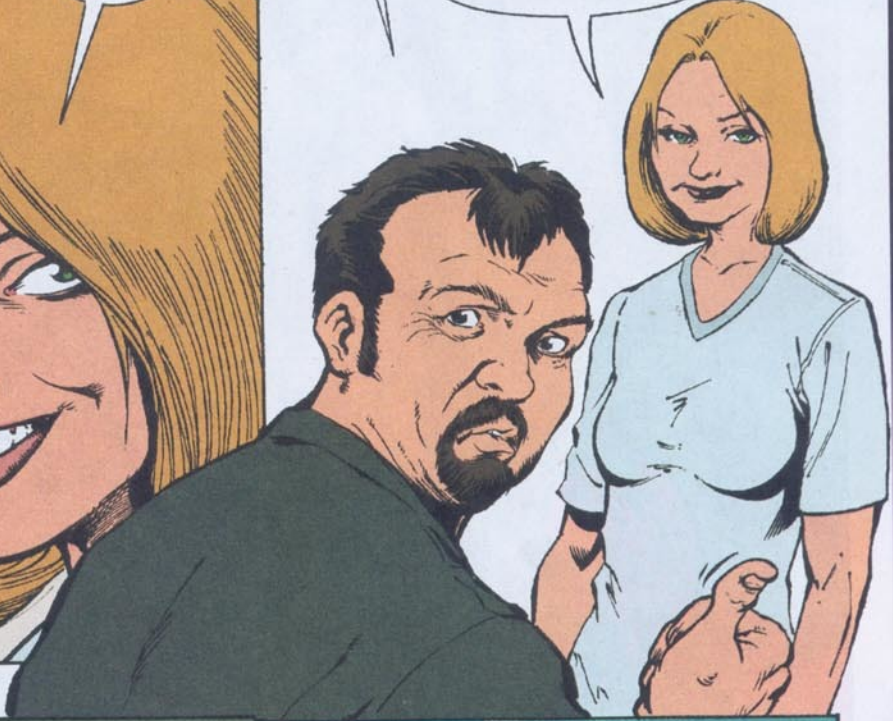
HE'S OUTSIDE.



HE REALLY GREW ALL THIS?

YEP. HE'S GOT NO FINE MOTOR DEXTERITY ANY MORE, BUT HE CAN DIG LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER ON HIS STRONG DAYS.

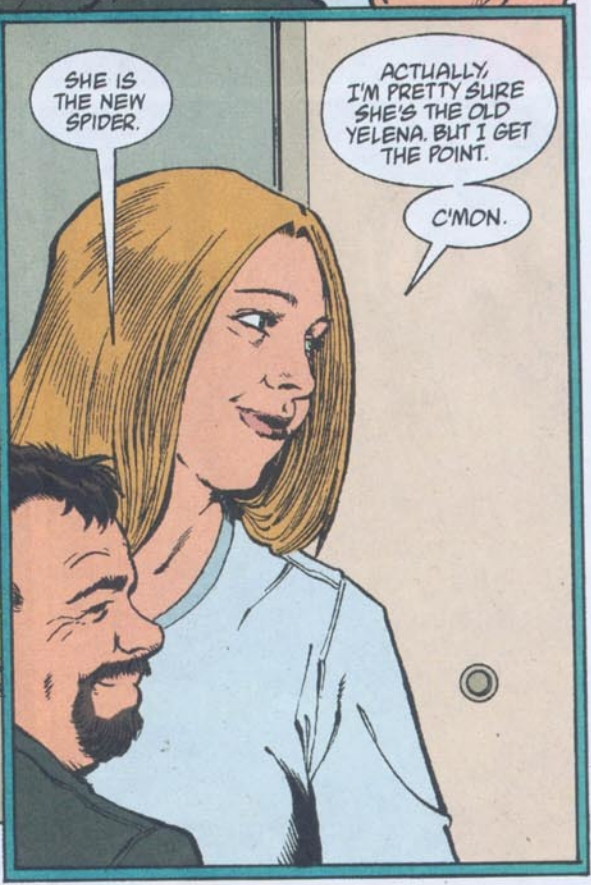
IT'S PRETTY GOOD; ESPECIALLY TO A CITY GIRL, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



HOW'S THE BOOK GOING, THEN? YOU COULD COME DO A COLUMN FOR ME TOO, YOU KNOW...

IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS, IT'S THAT I'M NOT SPIDER. I DON'T WANT TO WORK WEEKLY.

YELENA, ON THE OTHER HAND...

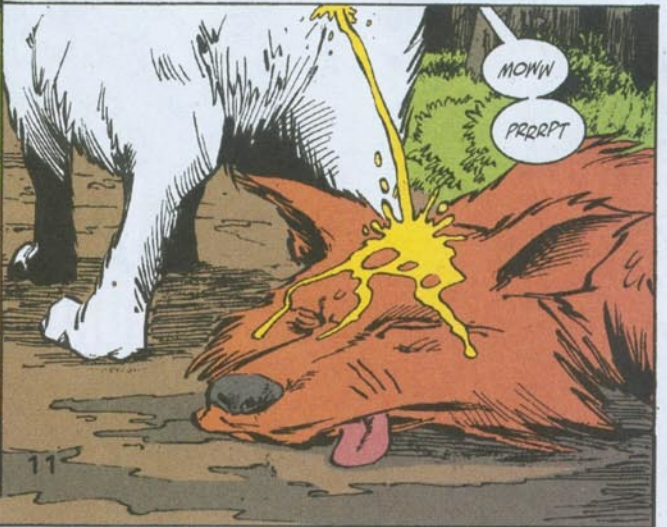
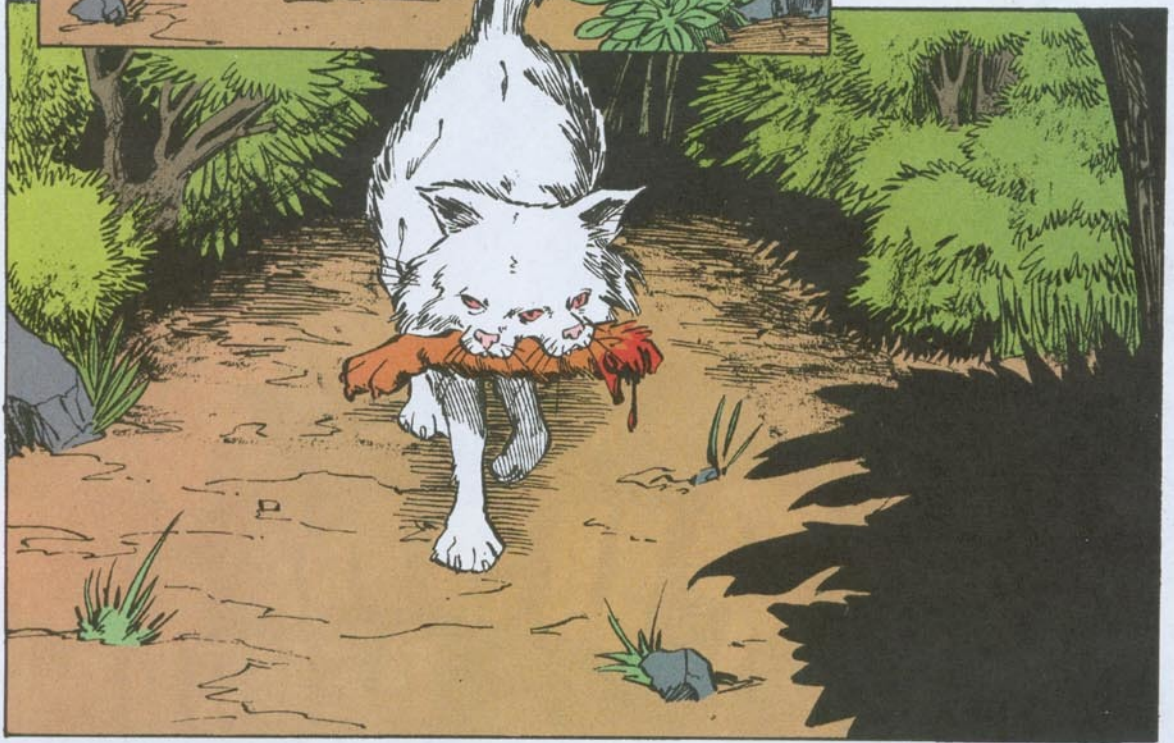


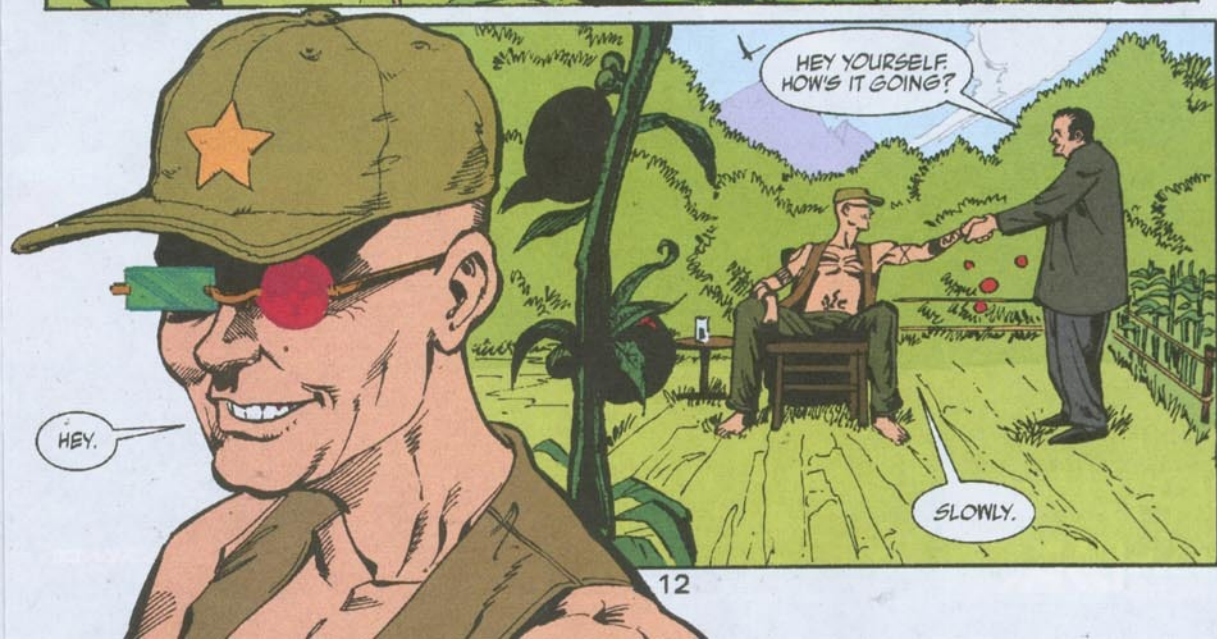
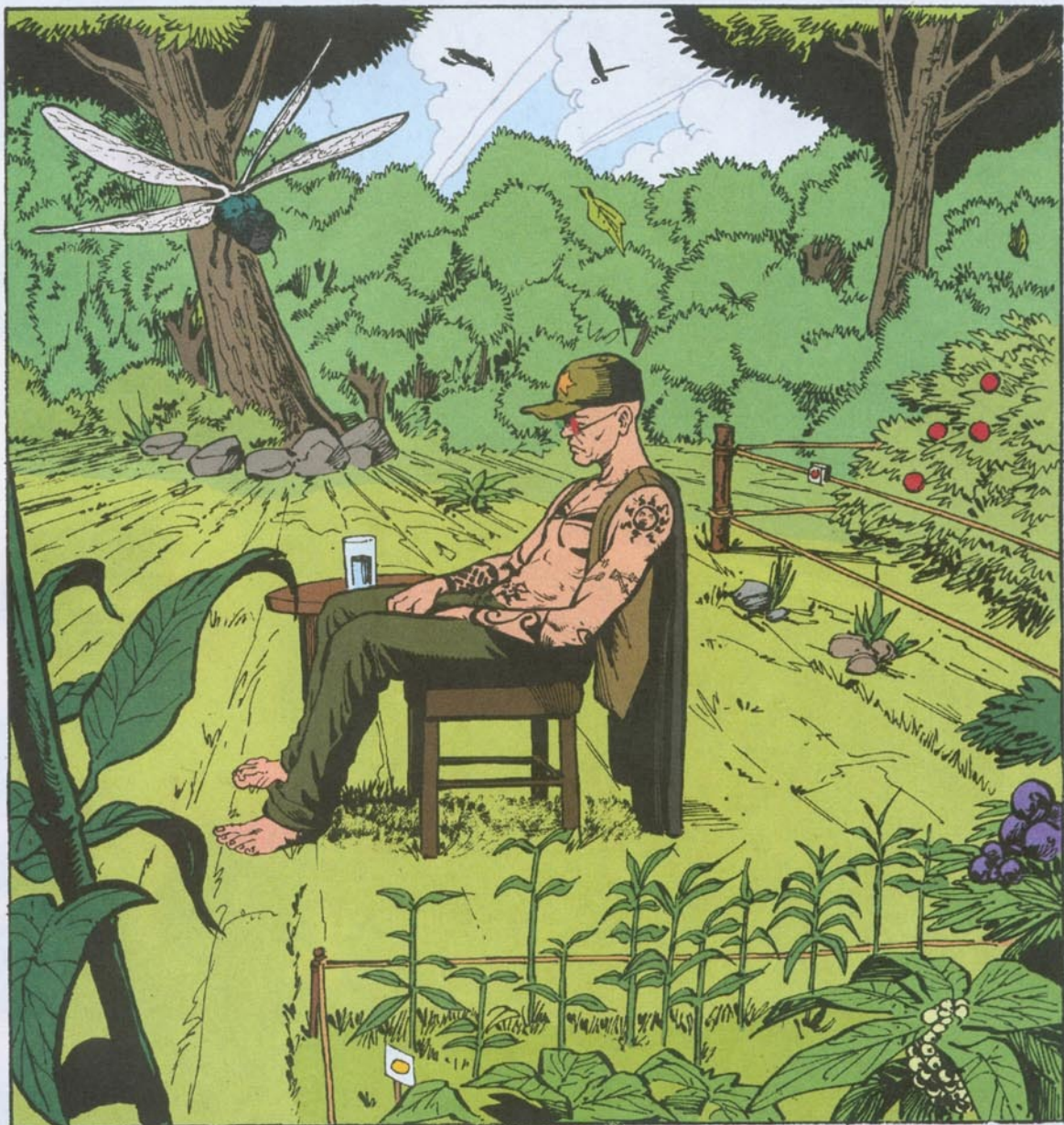
SHE IS THE NEW SPIDER.

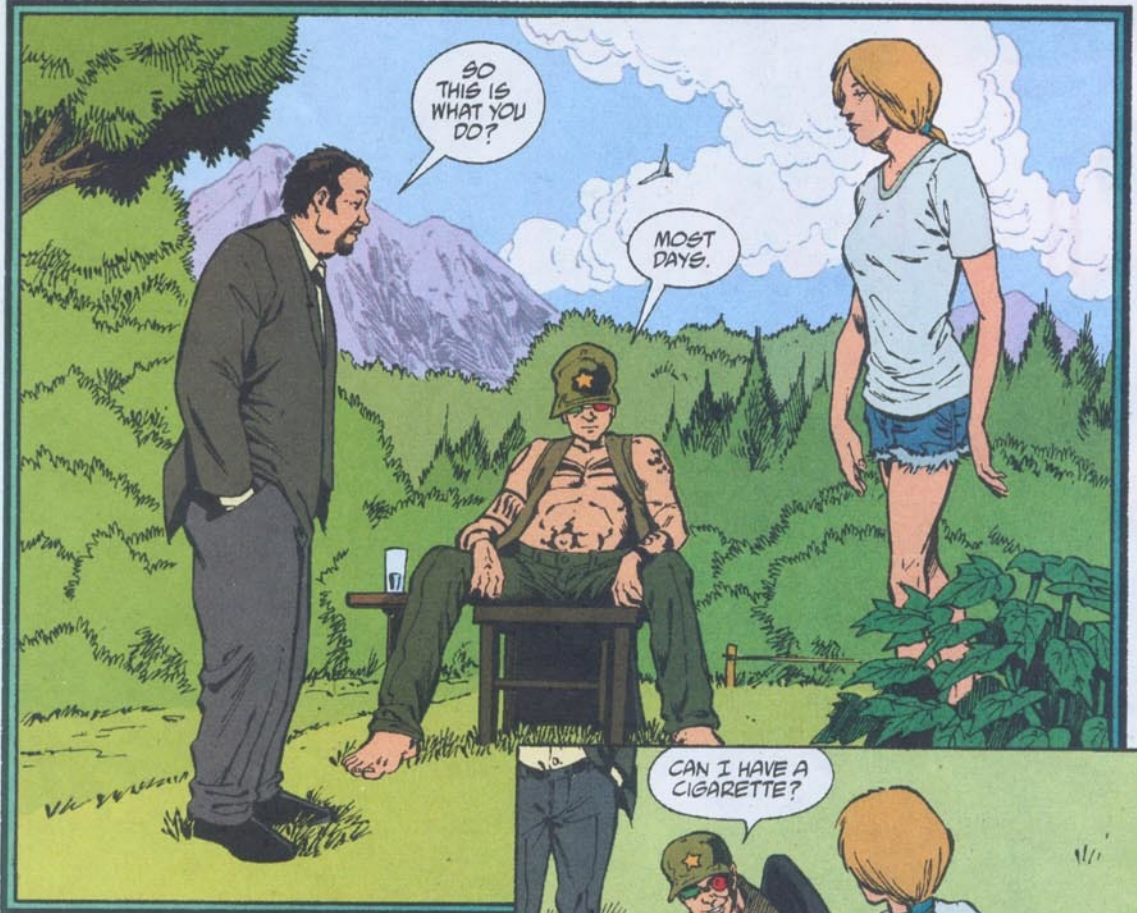
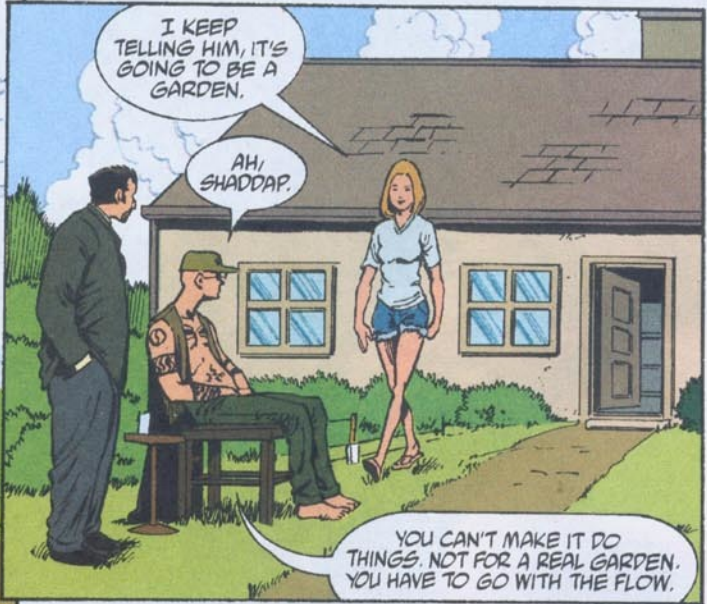
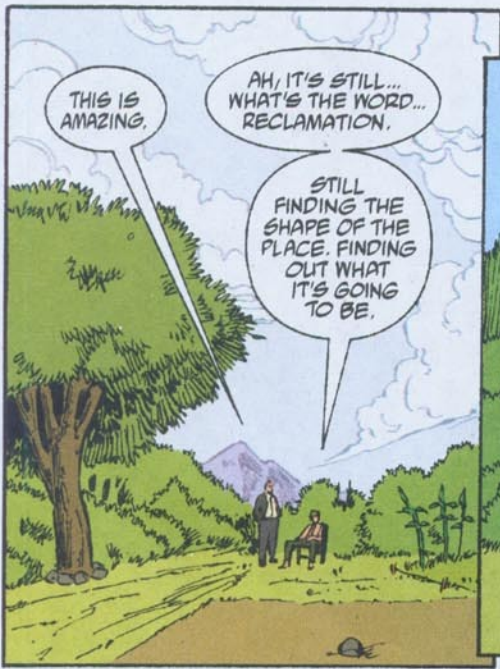
ACTUALLY, I'M PRETTY SURE SHE'S THE OLD YELENA. BUT I GET THE POINT.

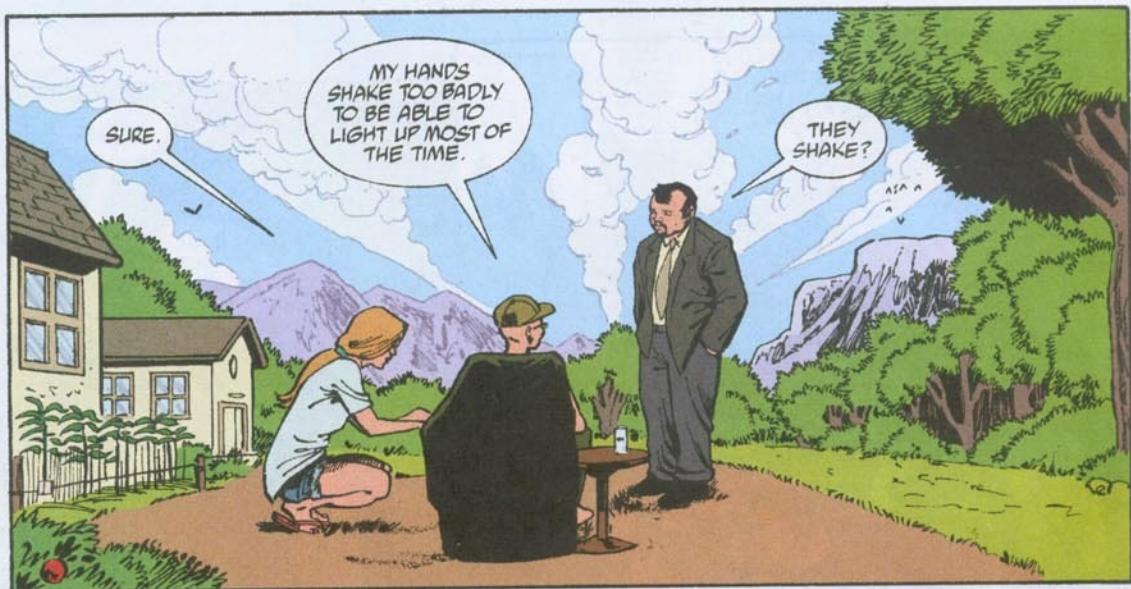
C'MON.











SURE.

MY HANDS
SHAKE TOO BADLY
TO BE ABLE TO
LIGHT UP MOST OF
THE TIME.

THEY
SHAKE?



YEAH.

COULDN'T
TYPE IF
I TRIED.

SHIT.



YOU BEEN
FOLLOWING
THE NEWS?

NOT REALLY.

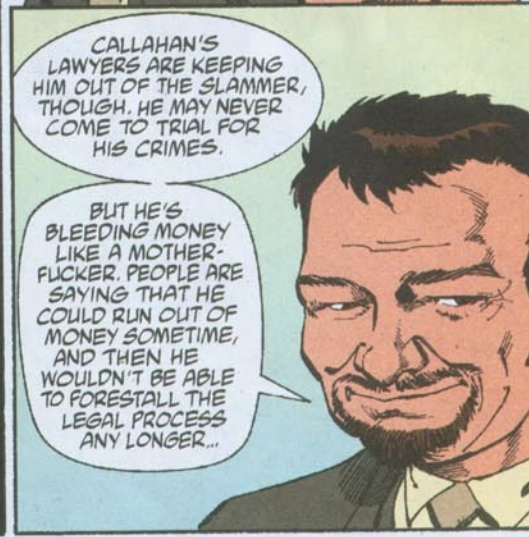
I KNOW
CALLAHAN'S
OUT.



YOU DON'T KNOW
THE LATEST, THEN.

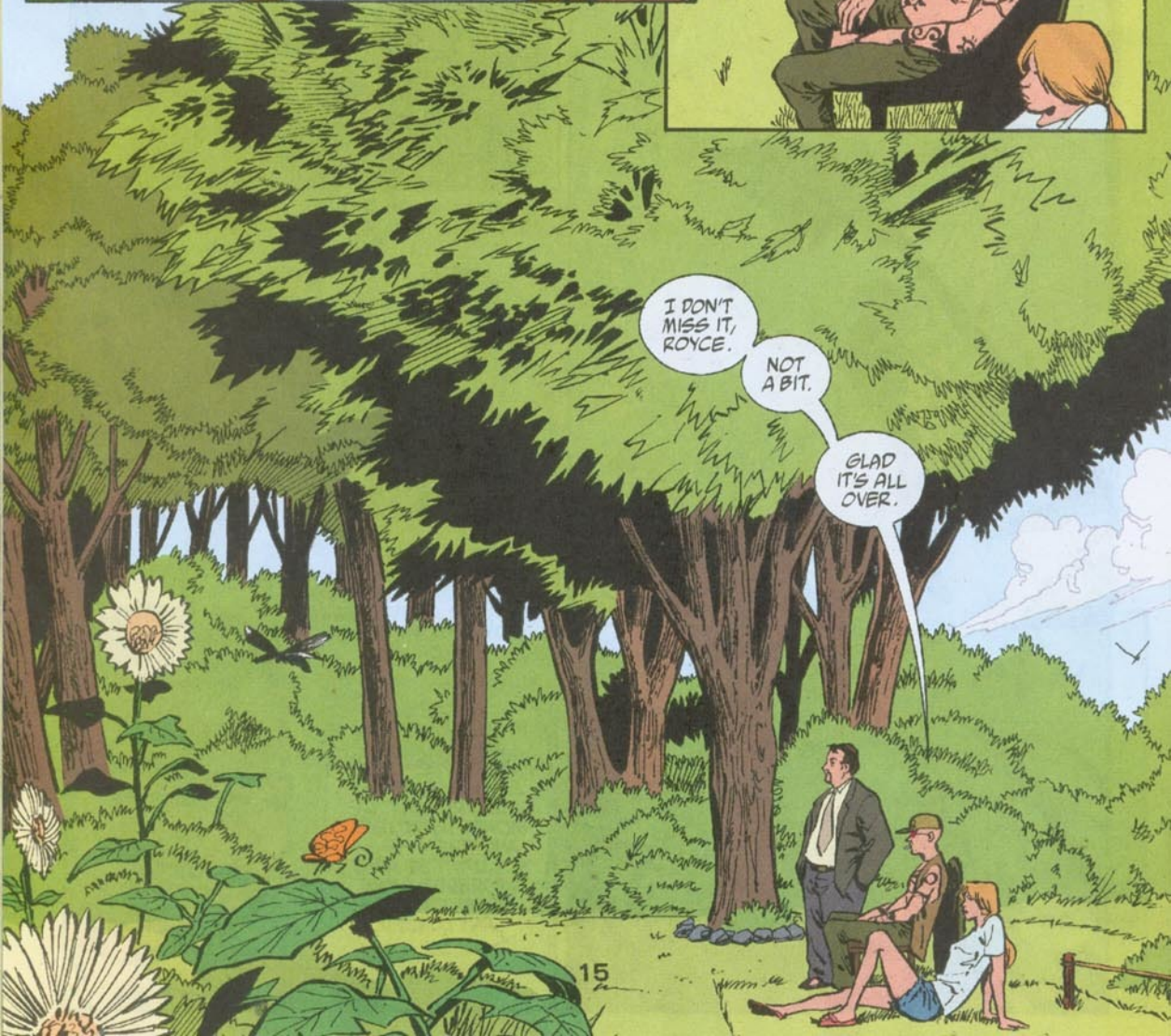
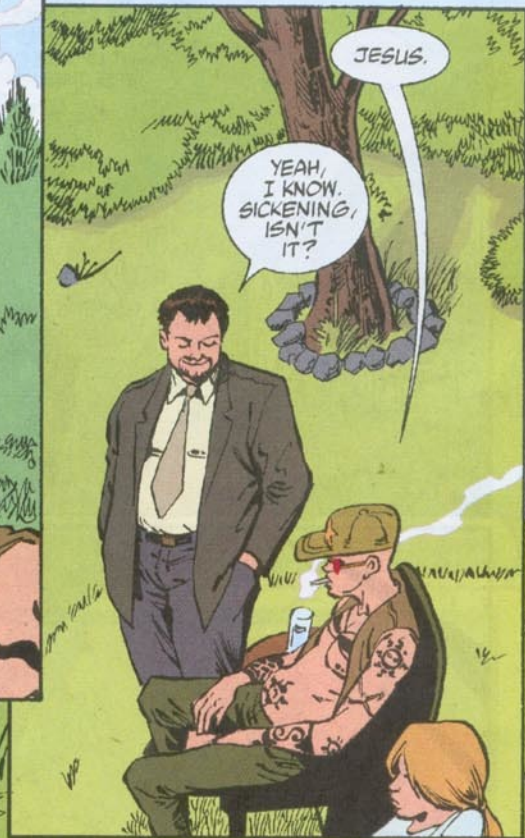
THE VICE PRESIDENT'S
REFUSING TO
PARDON HIM.

I'LL BE
DAMNED.



CALLAHAN'S
LAWYERS ARE KEEPING
HIM OUT OF THE SLAMMER,
THOUGH. HE MAY NEVER
COME TO TRIAL FOR
HIS CRIMES.

BUT HE'S
BLEEDING MONEY
LIKE A MOTHER-
FLICKER. PEOPLE ARE
SAYING THAT HE
COULD RUN OUT OF
MONEY SOMETIME,
AND THEN HE
WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO FORESTALL THE
LEGAL PROCESS
ANY LONGER...





DON'T MATTER, MAN.

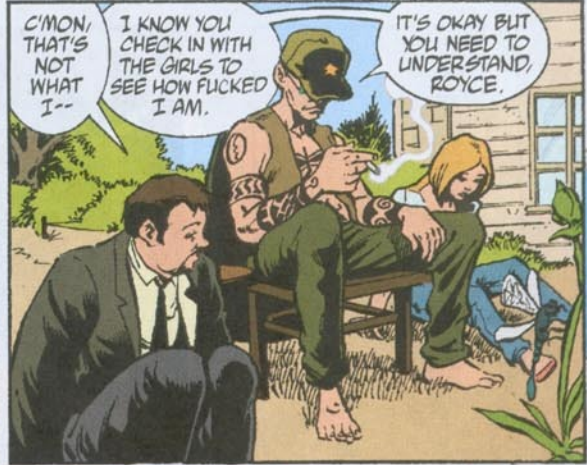
YOU GOT HIM.

THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.



YEP.

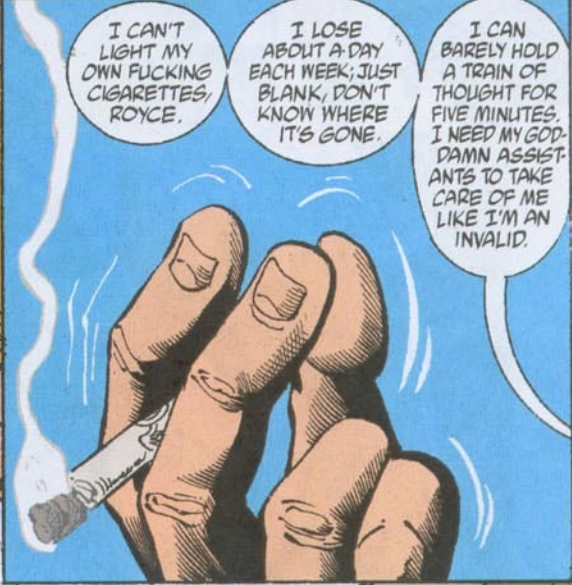
AND ALL IT COST WAS MY BRAIN, RIGHT?



C'MON, THAT'S NOT WHAT I--

I KNOW YOU CHECK IN WITH THE GIRLS TO SEE HOW FUCKED I AM.

IT'S OKAY BUT YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND, ROYCE.



I CAN'T LIGHT MY OWN FUCKING CIGARETTES, ROYCE.

I LOSE ABOUT A DAY EACH WEEK; JUST BLANK, DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S GONE.

I CAN BARELY HOLD A TRAIN OF THOUGHT FOR FIVE MINUTES. I NEED MY GOD-DAMN ASSISTANTS TO TAKE CARE OF ME LIKE I'M AN INVALID.



IT'S PROGRESSIVE. IT'S VERY SLOW, BUT IT'S PROGRESSIVE IN ALL BUT SOMETHING LIKE ONE PERCENT OF CASES.

I'M NOT GETTING IT BACK, ROYCE.

I'M ALL DONE.



YOU WANT TO TAKE SOME STUFF BACK WITH YOU?

HUH?

I HATE CUCUMBER. I PICK CUCUMBER OUT OF THAI SALAD.

TAKE SOME FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

WE GOT A MAKER, BUT I TELL YOU, THE TASTE IS NOT THE SAME. TAKE SOME CUCUMBER.

TRUST ME, YOU'LL LIKE HOME-GROWN CUCUMBER.

HOME-GROWN MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

AND GRAB SOME OF THE ALPINE STRAWBERRIES FOR YELENA. THE LITTLE ONES IN THE BLUE BOWL. SHE LIKES THOSE.

SO THIS IS IT? YOU'RE GOING TO STAY UP A MOUNTAIN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE GROWING SHIT LIKE A HILL-BILLY?

I KNOW YOU. YOU CAN'T STAY AWAY, WEIRDO BRAIN-WRONG OR NO. YOU COULDN'T LAST TIME, AND YOU WON'T THIS TIME.

YOU'LL BE BACK.



NO, I WON'T.

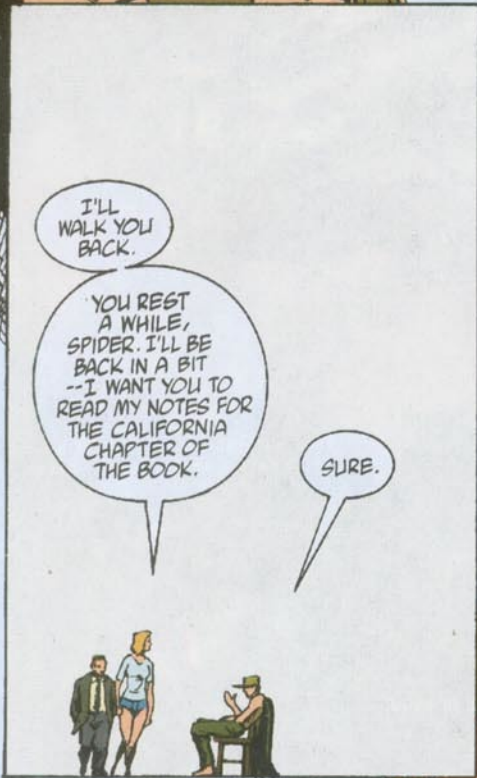
NOW FUCK OFF AND LEAVE ME TO GO MAD IN PEACE.



TAKE IT EASY, MAN.

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME. TAKE YELENA WITH YOU, SHE DRIVES ME NUTS.

I'LL BRING HER BACK IN EIGHT WEEKS.



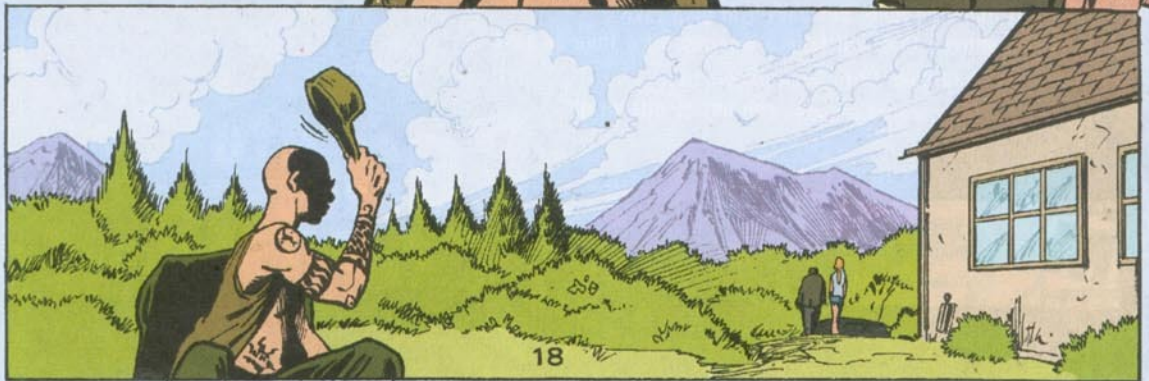
I'LL WALK YOU BACK.

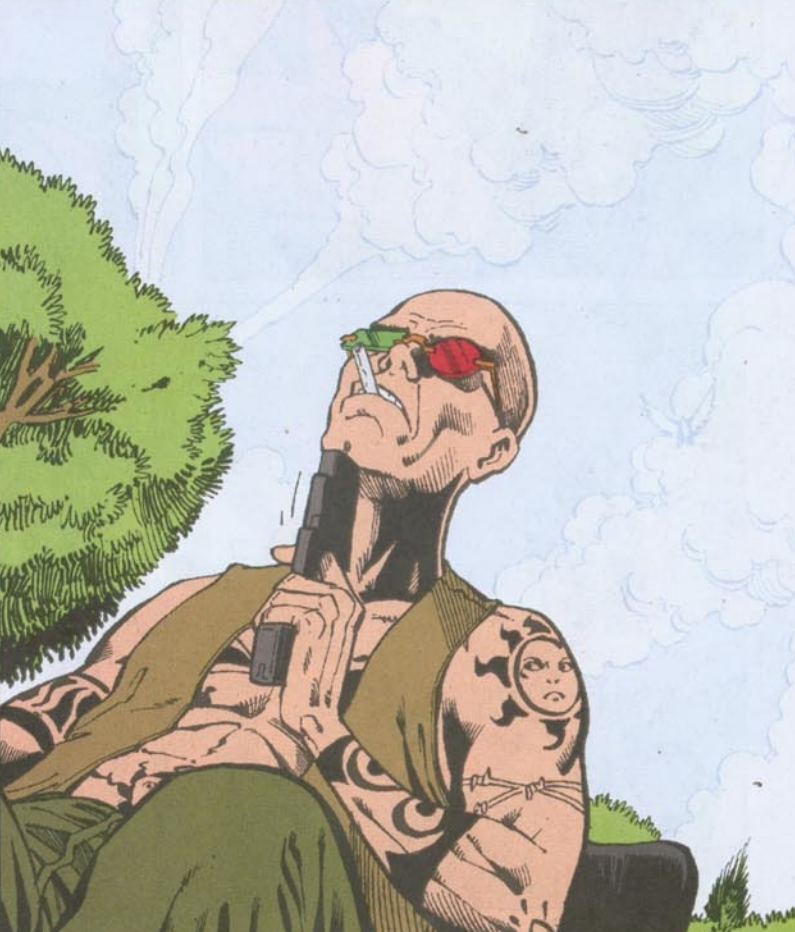
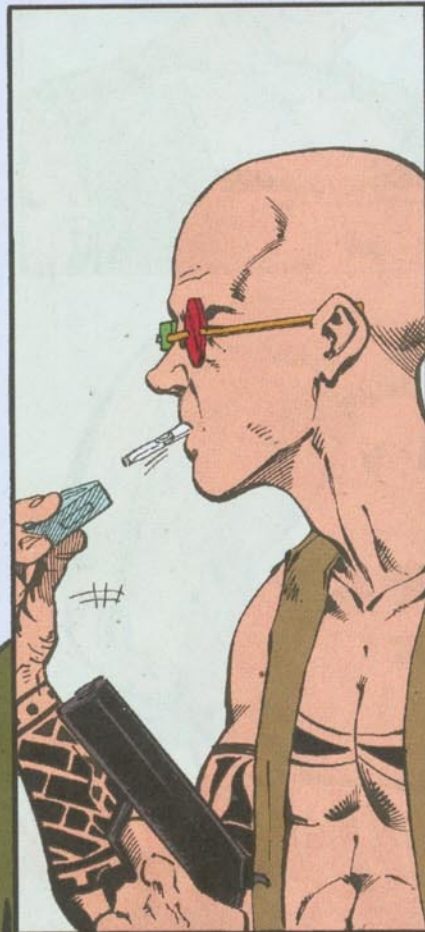
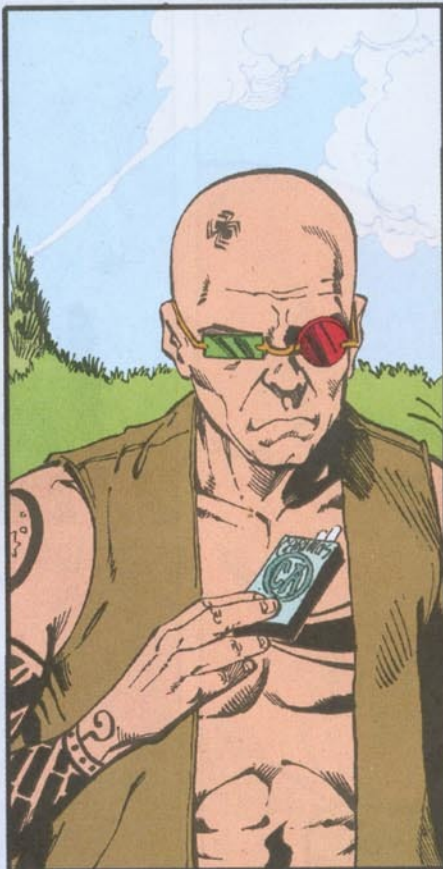
YOU REST A WHILE, SPIDER. I'LL BE BACK IN A BIT -- I WANT YOU TO READ MY NOTES FOR THE CALIFORNIA CHAPTER OF THE BOOK.

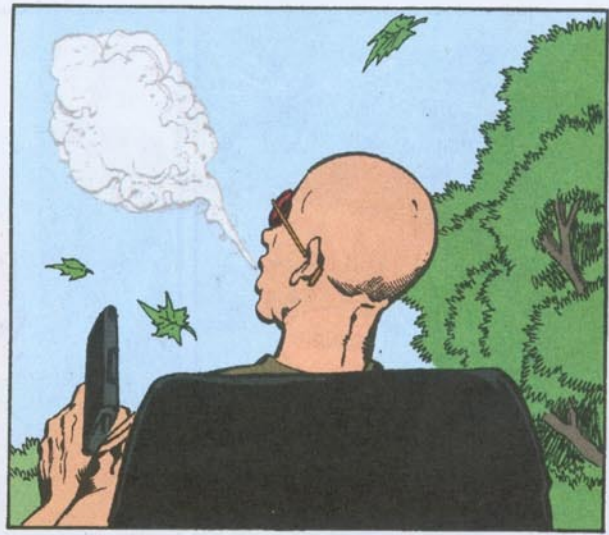
SURE.

YOU KNOW SHE'S GOT A THREE-BOOK DEAL? YOU SHOULD PAY TO RUN EXCERPTS!

BYE, SPIDER.

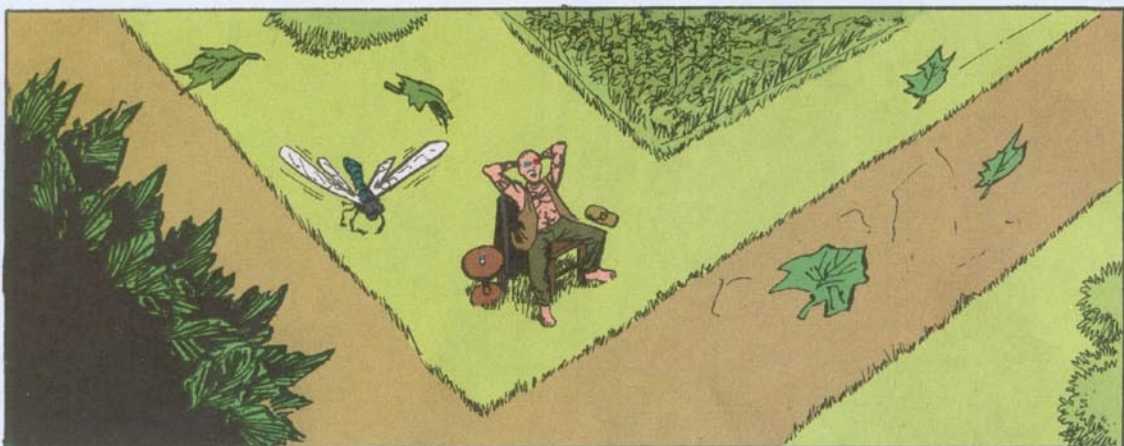








EDITED BY **STUART MOORE, CLIFF WU CHIANG, AXEL ALONSO, TONY BEDARD, HEIDI MacDONALD** AND, FINALLY, **ZACHARY RAU**

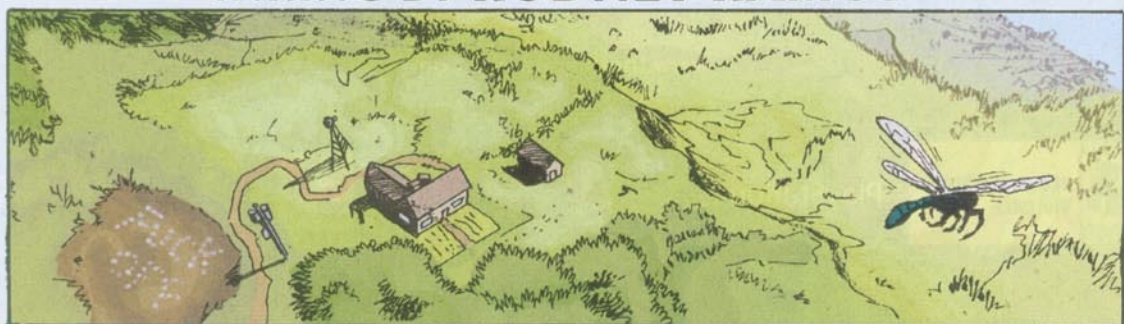


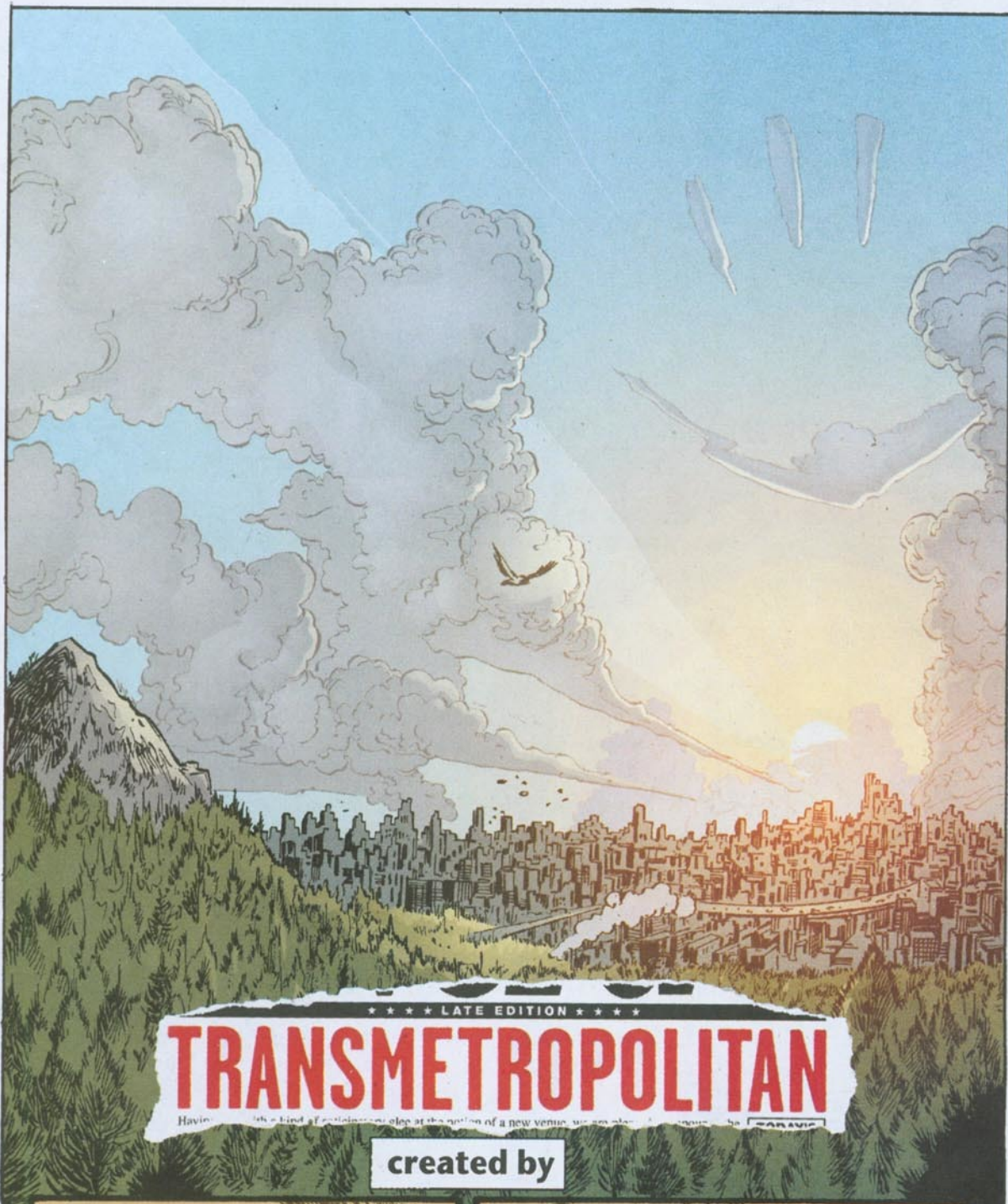
COLORING AND SEPARATIONS
BY **NATHAN EYRING**

LETTERING BY
CLEM ROBINS



INKING BY **RODNEY RAMOS**






*** LATE EDITION ***

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

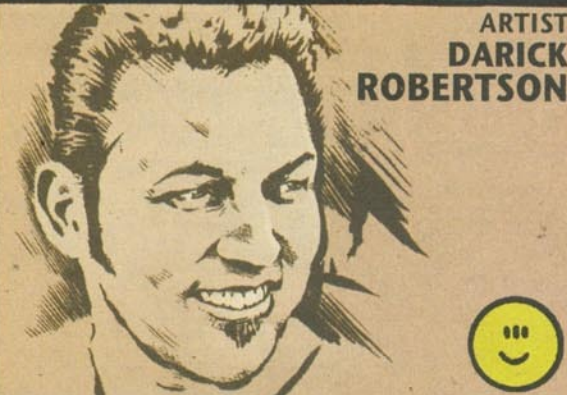

Having the best of both worlds, also at the notion of a new venue, we are also... **PARADISE**

created by

**WRITER
WARREN
ELLIS**

A black and white illustration of Warren Ellis, a man with a beard and a goatee, making a peace sign with his right hand.

**ARTIST
DARICK
ROBERTSON**

A black and white illustration of Darick Robertson, a man with short hair, smiling broadly.

*Frank W. Robertson
AUGUST 2002*

Thank God that's over.

Five bloody years. My daughter still fit in her carry sling when I started planning this monstrosity. She's old enough to go out to work now. Well, if shoving kids up chimneys counts. Darick was shagging his way around the planet like a young Howard Hughes when we began. Now he's in a wheelchair, to be seen sitting forlornly on Coney Island street corners showing his broken penis to school-girls for a nickel a time.

I had hair when we started TRANSMET.

And the editors. TRANSMETROPOLITAN has been the joke of the industry for its wholesale devouring of editors. Becoming the TRANSMET editor is like being a drummer for Spinal Tap. These are the people we have shattered and exploded over the course of five years: Stuart Moore, Cliff Wu Chiang, Axel Alonso, Tony Bedard, Heidi MacDonald, Zachary Rau. Countless editorial assistants. If I've missed anyone, I'm sorry, but you can understand why. I mean, it was a massacre. I'd get phone calls from Karen Berger saying, "It's that time of year again. You've blown up another one. Who's next?"

Stuart Moore deserves special mention as the instigator of the project - "Come and do a science fiction book for me," he said, silly bastard - and its champion while everyone else was saying something akin to "You fucking what?" Stuart has recently quit editing to become a writer, and we wish him well as he sails on to his inevitable suicide. Cheers, mate.

Rodney Ramos has gotten married eight times in five years. No one knows what happens to the brides. They are imported from foreign countries, disappear within months, and Rodney looks glowing and slightly overweight for a while. Nathan Eyring got caught in the violent WTO demonstrations in Seattle while delivering pages, and now he answers only to "Nathan X". Clem Robins refers to his house as "the compound" and has taken to drawing intricate blueprints of innovative new gun designs in the margins of TRANS-

MET pages. We could not possibly have done TRANSMET without them, and we are sorry we broke them. You have no idea what they did to keep this book on track while Darick and I were fucking around with our royalty cheques, booze and loose women.

And Darick, for whom I kicked and fought and bit to get on the book, who's had my back for five years, while we both lost our fathers and got to grips with being fathers, while we slowly evolved this work into a series of novels, while we rewrote the laws of how trade paperbacks sell in this business and how serial comics operate: we're all done, mate. Nice one.

This one's for Garth Ennis and Grant Morrison, who were there right with me the whole time, and for Mike Moorcock who gave me the boost when I needed it, and, oh, just a shitload of people, like Larry Young, and Brian Hibbs, and Gib Bickel and Daryn Guarino, Rory Root, Ralph Mathieu, Marcia Allass and SEQUENTIAL TART, Iselin Evensen, and the support from Karen and Patty Jeres and Martha Thomases and Peggy Burns and Bob Wayne and Paul Levitz, Aaron Michiel, Jon Levin, JC Spinks, Jeff Jensen and all the other real-world journalists who went above and beyond to talk about a lousy comics series... and, God, I'm forgetting a ton of people, and I'm down to the wire on this. You know who you are. You know how you helped. Thank you.

And it's for Niki and Lili. Who are doubtless very glad that I'm no longer wandering around the house yelling "THUMBS!" at random.

I leave you with these words of wisdom from Patrick Stewart, who thinks he's Spider Jerusalem at least half the time, as originating from his wife Wendy Neuss, who is smarter than both of us: "Remember, it's bullshit when they love you, and it's still bullshit when they don't want to know."

Warren Ellis

Southend, England

2002

Summing up the experience of working on Transmetropolitan for five years is a daunting task. I mean, I can never deny that this work has been the best of my career and has changed it forever. In the five years that I've drawn this book, my life has gone through just about every big change one could imagine: my father died, I moved to Italy, I got engaged, I moved back to California, I got married, my mother passed away and we cleaned out and sold the house I grew up in, I moved to New York, and my son Owen was born. In all that time I drew every issue of Transmetropolitan. I believed in it. I love this book, and I'm proud of it. And now it's over.

I remember standing in my kitchen in San Francisco in 1997 with the first script in my hand. I knew it was going to be good, but doubted highly that anyone would get it. The climate in comics at that time was that the medium of comics was singing its swan song and we were all humming along. Warren and I had nothing to lose, and everything to gain by just letting loose, and that's what we did. It's five years later and I'm holding the script to the last issue in my hand, sitting in my studio in Brooklyn.

Many of the readers will never know how much I've put into this book. Even when it seemed I wasn't giving it my all anymore, I truly was. I was doing so in that I have drawn every issue, even if it meant repeatedly staying up all night, drawing until my hand cramped and my eyes blurred. Transmetropolitan went through six editors and four assistant editors, but the creative team stayed solid. We fell behind schedule almost immediately in the first year and that time was never made up. Over the last year, I've drawn many of the issues in as little as three days so as to

keep it on time, and having to take on extra work to fill in the down time between scripts. I didn't like it that way, and have always wanted this book to be more than it was, but my hands were tied. I did the best I could with the time I was allotted. I stuck with it when better offers loomed, because I love this book. It has defined who I am as an artist in this industry. I will be the Transmetropolitan guy until I die, and that's fine with me. I need to thank Paul Levitz for believing in us. Karen Berger for changing her mind, Stuart Moore for standing by his decision, Julie Rottenberg, Axel Alonso, Jenny Lee, Cliff Chiang, Tony Bedard, Heidi MacDonald, Tammy Beatty, Zachary Rau, Clem Robins, Nathan Eyring and Rodney Ramos. How they've suffered. To Andre Ricciardi, Janice Corfield Ricciardi, Michael O'Brien and Mary Scott. Spider, Channon, Royce and Yelena owe it all to you. To Tom Egizio for all his tireless work on Transmetropolitan.com. My precious wife and partner Meredith for sticking by me the whole way, in lieu of vacations and weekends out, taking pages into the office so I could get some sleep. My friend Warren Ellis, for believing I was more than a super hero artist and sharing the creative credit when he didn't have to. And thank you to every one of you crazy bastards who are running around with Spider Jerusalem tattoos, or propping one of our action figures on your computer, or wearing the extremely limited three-eyed smiley T-shirt (even when folks think you're advertising "Evolution") and shoving the trades into your friend's hands, telling them how you love it. All of you reading this made it happen. You kept it alive when the whole Helix line died. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

— **Darick Robertson**
Brooklyn, July 2002